OCCASIONAL

VERSES

OF

EDWARD Lord *HERBERT*,

BARON

OF

CHERBERY

AND

CASTLE-ISLAND.

Deceaſed in *Auguſt*, 1648.

LONDON,

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Her 6.9 *

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD Lord *HERBERT*,

Baron of *Cherbery* in *England*, and *Caſtle-Iſland* in *Ireland*.

My Lord,

THIS *Collection of ſome of the ſcattered Copies of Verſes, compoſed in various and perplexed times, by* Edward *Lord* Herbert *your late Grand-father, belongs of double right to your Lordſhip, as Heir and Executor: And had it been in his power t' have bequeathed his Learning by Will, as his Library and perſonal Eſtate, it may be preſumed, he would have given it to you, as the beſt Legacy:*

But Learning being not of our Gift, though of our Acquiſition, nor of the Parapharnalia *of a Ladies Chamber, nor of the caſual and fortunate Goods of the World; it muſt be acknowledged of a tranſcendency beyond natural things, and a beam of the Divinity: For by the powers of Knowledge Men are not only diſtinguiſhed from Men, but carried above the reach of ordinary Perſons, to give Reaſons even of their Belief; not that Men believe becauſe they know, but know becauſe they believe; Faith muſt precede Knowledg; and yet Men are not bound t' accept matters of Religion (though Religion be th' object and employment of Faith, not of reaſoning) meerly without Reaſon and probable Inducements.*

That the learned Centuries are paſt, and Learning in declenſion, is too great a truth, which

which may introduce Atheiſme with Ignorance; for as Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion amongſt the Papiſts, ſo 'tis the Mother of Atheiſme amongſt th' Ignorant; The great and moſt dangerous deſign of our Church and National Enemies, is to make us out of love with Learning, as a Mechanick thing, and beneath the Spirits of the Nobility and of Princes: Whereas nothing improves and inlightens th' underſtandings of great Perſons, but Learning, and not only innobles them far above their birth, but inables them t' impoſe on others, and to give, rather then take advice: The Learned, Generous, and Vertuous Perſon needs no Anceſtors; And what can ſo properly be call'd ours, as what is of our purchaſe? Gentiles agunt ſub nomine Chriſtiano, *was an old Reproach upon the Primitive Chriſtians, and now Men out-act the Gentiles.*

The

The Goods of this life are all Hydropick, Quo plus bibuntur, plus ſitiuntur, *Men are the dryer for drinking, and the poorer for covetouſneſs; no ſatiety, no fulneſs, but in ſpiritual things: The way of Vertue appeared to th' Heathen to be th' only way to Happineſs, and yet they knew not many Vertues which are the Glory of Chriſtianity, as Humility, Denying of our ſelves, Taking up the Croſs, Forgiving and loving our Enemies, which th' Heathen took for follies rather then Vertues.*

As for Poetry it bears date before Proſe, and was of ſo great authority with the common People and the wiſer ſort of Antiquity, that it was in veneration with their ſacred Writ, and Records, from which they derived their Divinity and belief concerning their Gods, and that their Poets, as Orpheus, Linus, *and* Muſæus *were deſcended of the Gods,*

Gods, and divinely inſpired, from th' extraordinary Motions of their Minds, and from the Relations of ſtrange Viſions, Raptures and Apparitions.

My Lord, Excuſe the liberty of this Dedication, and believe me,

Your Lordſhips Uncle

March 18. 166⅞.

and Humble Servant,

HENRY HERBERT.

TO

TO HIS
WATCH,
When he could not ſleep.

UNceſſant Minutes, whil'ſt you move you tell
The time that tells our life, which though it run
Never ſo faſt or farr, you'r new begun
Short ſteps ſhall overtake; for though life well

May ſcape his own Account, it ſhall not yours,
You are Death's Auditors, that both divide
And ſumm what ere that life inſpir'd endures
Paſt a beginning, and through you we bide

The doom of Fate, whoſe unrecall'd Decree
You date, bring, execute; making what's new
Ill and good, old, for as we die in you,
You die in Time, Time in Eternity.

Ditty.

DEep Sighs, Records of my unpitied Grief,
Memorials of my true, though hopeleſs Love,
Keep time with my ſad thoughts, till wiſh'd Relief
My long deſpairs for vain and cauſleſs prove.

Yet if ſuch hap never to you befall,
I give you leave, break time, break heart and all.

Lord, thus I ſin, repent, and ſin again,
As if Repentance only were, in me,
Leave for new Sin; thus do I entertain
My ſhort time, and thy Grace, abuſing thee,
And thy long-ſuffering; which though it be
Ne'r overcome by Sin, yet were in vain,
If tempted oft: thus we our Errours ſee

Before our Puniſhment, and ſo remain
Without Excuſe; and, Lord, in them! 'tis true,
Thy Laws are juſt, but why doſt thou diſtrain
Ought elſe for life, ſave life? that is thy due:
The reſt thou mak'ſt us owe, and mayſt to us
As well forgive; But oh! my ſins renew,
Whil'ſt I do talk with my Creator thus.

A Deſcription.

I Sing her worth and praiſes, Ey,
Of whom a Poet cannot ly,

* The

* The little World the Great ſhall blaze ;
Sea, Earth, her Body ; Heaven, her Face ;
Her Hair, Sun-beams ; whoſe every part
Lightens, enflames, each Lover's Heart :
That thus you prove the * Axiom true,
Whilſt the Sun help'd Nature in you.

* μικρόκοσμος, μακρόκοσμος.

* *Sol et homo generant hominem.*

Her Front, the White and Azure Sky,
In Light and Glory raiſed, Ey,
Being o'recaſt by a Cloudy frown,
All Hearts and Eyes dejecteth down.

Her each Brow a Cœleſtial Bow,
Which through this Sky her Light doth ſhow,
Which doubled, if it ſtrange appear,
The Sun's likewiſe is doubled there.

Her either Cheek a Bluſhing Morn,
Which, on the Wings of Beauty born,
Doth never ſet, but only fair
Shineth, exalted in her hair.

Within her Mouth, Heavens Heav'n reſide,
Her Words the Soul's there Glorifi'd.

Her Noſe th' *Æquator* of this Globe,
Where Nakedneſs, Beauties beſt Robe,
Preſents a form all Hearts to win.

Laſt Nature made that dainty Chin ;
Which that it might in every faſhion
Anſwer the reſt, a Conſtellation,
Like to a Desk, ſhe there did place,
To write the Wonders of her Face.

In this Cœleſtial Frontiſpiece,
Where Happineſs eternal lies ;
Firſt aranged ſtand three Senſes,
This Heavens Intelligences.

Whoſe ſeveral Motions, ſweet combin'd,
Come from the firſt Mover, her Mind.
The weight of this harmonique Sphere,
The *Atlas* of her Neck doth bear;
Whoſe Favours Day to Us imparts,
When Frowns make Night in Lovers Hearts.
Two foming Billows are her Breaſts,
That carry, rais'd upon their Creſts,
The *Tyrian* Fiſh: More white's their Fome,
Then that, whence *Venus* once did come:
Here take her by the Hand, my Muſe,
With that ſweet Foe, to make my Truce,
To compact Manna, beſt compar'd,
Whoſe dewy inſide's not full hard.
Her Waſte's an envers'd Pyramis,
Upon whoſe Cone Love's Trophee is:
Her Belly is that Magazine,
At whoſe peep Nature did reſigne
That pretious Mould, by which alone,
There can be framed ſuch a One:
At th' entrance of which hidden Treaſure,
Happy making above meaſure,
Two Alabaſter Pillars ſtand,
To warn all paſſage from that Land;
At foot whereof engraved is,
The ſad *Non Ultra* of Mans Bliſs:
The Back of this moſt pretious Frame
Holds up in Majeſty the ſame:
Where, to make Muſick to all Hearts,
Love bound the deſcant of her parts:
Though all this Beauties Temple be,
There's known within no Deity

Save

Save Vertues, ſhrin'd within her Will:
As I began, ſo ſay I ſtill,
I ſing her Worth and Praiſes, Ey,
Of whom a Poet cannot lv.

To her Face.

FAtal Aſpect! that haſt an Influence
More powerful far than thoſe Immortal Fires
That but incline the Will and move the Senſe,
Which thou alone conſtrain'ſt, kindling Deſires
Of ſuch an holy force, as more inſpires
The Soul with Knowledge, than Experience
Or Revelation can do with all
Their borrow'd helps: Sacred Aſtoniſhment
Sits on thy Brow, threatning a ſudden fall
To all thoſe Thoughts that are not lowly ſent,
In wonder and amaze, dazling that Eye
Which on thoſe Myſteries doth rudely gaze,
Vow'd only unto Loves Divinity:
Sure *Adam* ſinn'd not in that ſpotleſs Face.

To her Body.

REgardful Preſence! whoſe fix'd Majeſty
Darts Admiration on the gazing Look,
That brings it not: State ſits inthron'd in thee,
Divulging forth her Laws in the fair Book
Of thy Commandements, which none miſtook,
That ever humbly came therein to ſee

Their own unworthineſs: Oh! how can I
Enough admire that Symmetry, expreſt
In new proportions, which doth give the Ly
To that Arithmetique which hath profeſt
All Numbers to be Hers? thy Harmony
Comes from the Spheres, and there doth prove
Strange meaſures ſo well grac'd, as Majeſty
It ſelf, like thee would reſt, like thee would move.

To her Mind.

EXalted Mind! whoſe Character doth bear
The firſt Idea of Perfection, whence
Adam's came, and ſtands ſo, how canſt appear
In words? that only tell what here-
Tofore hath been; thou need'ſt as deep a ſence
As prophecy, ſince there's no difference
In telling what thou art, and what ſhall be:
Then pardon me that Rapture do profeſs,
At thy outſide, that want, for what I ſee,
Deſcription, if here amaz'd I ceaſe
Thus ——
Yet grant one Queſtion, and no more, crav'd under
Thy gracious leave, How, if thou would'ſt expreſs
Thy ſelf to us, thou ſhould'ſt be ſtill a wonder?

Thus ends my Love, but this doth grieve me moſt,
That ſo it ends, but that ends too, this yet,
Beſides the Wiſhes, hopes and time I loſt,
Troubles my mind awhile, that I am ſet

Free

Free, worſe then deny'd: I can neither boaſt
Choice nor ſucceſs, as my Caſe is, nor get
Pardon from my ſelf, that I loved not
A better Miſtreſs, or her worſe; this Debt
Only's her due, ſtill, that ſhe be forgot
Ere chang'd, leſt I love none; this done, the taint
Of foul Inconſtancy is clear'd at leaſt
In me, there only reſts but to unpaint
Her form in my mind, that ſo diſpoſſeſt
It be a Temple, but without a Saint.

Upon Combing her Hair.

BReaking from under that thy cloudy Vail,
Open and ſhine yet more, ſhine out more clear
Thou glorious golden-beam-darting hair,
Even till my wonderſtrucken Senſes fail.

Shoot out in light, and ſhine thoſe Rays on far,
Thou much more fair than is the Queen of Love,
When ſhe doth comb her in her Sphere above,
And from a Planet turns a Blazing-Star.

Nay, thou art greater too, more deſtiny
Depends on thee, then on her influence,
No hair thy fatal hand doth now diſpence,
But to ſome one a thred of life muſt be.

While gracious unto me, thou both doſt ſunder
Thoſe Glories which, if they united were,
Might have amazed ſenſe, and ſhew'ſt each hair,
Which if alone had been too great a wonder.

And now ſpread in their goodly length, ſh' appears
No Creature which the earth might call her own,
But rather one, that in her gliding down,
Heav'ns beams did crown, to ſhew us ſhe was theirs.

And come from thence, how can they fear times rage
Which in his power elſe on earth moſt ſtrange
Such Golden treaſure doth to Silver change
By that improper Alchimy of Age.

But ſtay, me-thinks, new Beauties do ariſe, (ſpread,
While ſhe withdraws theſe Glories which were
Wonder of Beauties, ſet thy radiant head,
And ſtrike out day from thy yet fairer eyes.

Ditty in imitation of the Spaniſh
Entre tantoque L' Avril.

NOw that the *April* of your youth adorns
The Garden of your face,
Now that for you each knowing Lover mourns,
And all ſeek to your Grace:
Do not repay affection with Scorns.

What though you may a matchleſs Beauty vaunt,
And that all Hearts can move,
By ſuch a power, as ſeemeth to inchant?
Yet without help of Love
Beauty no pleaſure to it ſelf can grant.

Then

Then think each minute that you loſe, a day,
The longeſt Youth is ſhort,
The ſhorteſt Age is long; time flies away,
And makes us but his ſport;
And that which is not Youth's is Age's prey.

See but the braveſt Horſe, that prideth moſt,
Though he eſcape the Warr,
Either from maſter to the man is loſt,
Or turn'd unto the Carr,
Or elſe muſt die with being ridden Poſt.

Then loſe not beauty, Lovers, time, and all,
Too late your fault you ſee,
When that in vain you would theſe dayes recall;
Nor can you vertuous be,
When without theſe you have not wherewithall.

The State-progreſs of Ill.

I Say, 'tis hard to write Satyrs. Though *Ill*
Great'ned in his long courſe, and ſwelling ſtill,
Be now like to a Deluge, yet, as *Nile*,
'Tis doubtful in his original; this while
We may thus much on either part preſume,
That what ſo univerſal are, muſt come
From cauſes great and far. Now in this ſtate
Of things, what is leaſt like Good, men hate,
Since 'twill be the leſs ſin. I do ſee
Some Ill requir'd, that one poiſon might free

The other; ſoStates, to their Greatneſs, find
No faults requir'd but their own, and bind
The reſt. And though this be myſterious ſtill,
Why ſhould we not examine how this Ill
Did come at firſt, how't keeps his greatneſs here,
When 'tis diſguis'd, and when it doth appear.
This Ill having ſome Atttibutes of God,
As to have made it ſelf, and bear the rod
Of all our puniſhments, as it ſeems, came
Into the world, to rule it, and to tame
The pride of Goodneſs, and though his Reign
Great in the hearts of men he doth maintain
By love, not right, he yet the tyrant here
(Though it be him we love, and God we fear)
Pretence yet wants not, that it was before
Some part of Godhead, as Mercy, that ſtore
For Souls grown Bankrupt, their firſt ſtock of Grace,
And that which the ſinner of the laſt place
Shall number out, unleſs th' Higheſt will ſhew
Some power, not yet reveal'd to Man below.

But that I may proceed, and ſo go on
To trace *Ill* in his firſt progreſſion,
And through his ſecret'ſt wayes, and where that he
Had left his nakedneſs as well as we,
And did appear himſelf,
I note, that in
The yet infant-world, how
miſchief and ſin,
His Agents here on earth, & eaſie known,
Are now conceal'd Intelligencers grown:

Gradus mali-ſunt quo { *Peccamus nobis.* / *Nocemus aliis.* }

For

For ſince that as a Guard th' Higheſt at once
Put Fear t' attend their private actions,
And Shame, their publick, other means being fail'd:
Miſchief, under doing of Good was vail'd,
And Sin, of Pleaſure; though in this diſguiſe
They only hide themſelves from mortal eyes.
Sins, thoſe that both com-and o-mitted be,
Once hot and cold, but in a third degree,
Are now ſuch poiſons, that though they may lurk
In ſecret parts awhile, yet they will work,
Though after death: Nor ever come alone,
But ſudden fruitful multiply e'r done.
While in this monſtrous birth they only dy
Whom we confeſs, thoſe live which we deny.
Miſchiefs like fatal Conſtellations
Appear unto the ignorant at once,
In glory and in hurt, while th' unſeen part
Of the great Cauſe may be perchance, the Art
Of th' Ill, and hiding it, which that I may
Ev'n in his firſt original diſplay,
And beſt example, ſure, amongſt Kings, he
Who firſt wanted ſucceſſion to be
A Tyrant, waswiſe enough to have choſe
An honeſt man for King, which ſhould diſpoſe
Thoſe beaſts, which being ſo tame, yet otherwiſe,
As it ſeems, could not heard: And with adviſe
Somewhat indifferent for both, he might
Yet have provided for their Childrens right.
If they grew wiſer, not his own, that ſo
They might repent, yet under treaſon, who
Ne'r promis'd faith: though now we cannot ſpare,
(And not be worſe) Kings, on thoſe tearms they are

No

No more than we could ſpare (and have been ſav'd)
Original ſin. So then thoſe Prieſts that rav'd
And propheci'd, they did a kind of good
They knew not of, by whom the choice firſt ſtood.
Since then, we may conſider now, as fit,
State-government, and all the Arts of it,
That we may know them yet, let us ſee how
They were deriv'd, done, and are maintain'd now,
That Princes may by this yet underſtand
Why we obey, as well as they command.
State, a proportion'd colour'd table, is,
Nobility the maſter-piece, in this
Serves to ſhew diſtances, while being put
'Twixt ſight and vaſtneſs they ſeem higher, but
As they're further off, yet as thoſe blew hills,
Which th' utmoſt border of a Region fills
They are great and worſe parts, while in the ſteep
Of this great Proſpective, they ſeem to keep
Further abſent from thoſe below, though this
Exalted Spirit that's ſure a free Soul, is
A greater privilege, than to be born
At *Venice*, although he ſeek not rule, doth ſcorn
Subjection, but as he is fleſh, and ſo
He is to dulneſs, ſhame, and many moe
Such properties, knows, but the Painters Art,
All in the frame is equal: that deſert
Is a more living thing, and doth obey,
As he gives poor, for God's ſake, (though they
And Kings ask it not ſo) thinks Honours are
Figures compos'd of lines irregular
And happy-high, knows no election
Raiſeth man to true Greatneſs, but his own.

Mean

Mean while, ſugred Divines, next place to this,
Tells us, Humility and Patience is,
The way to Heaven, and that we muſt there
Look for our Kingdom, that the great'ſt rule here
Is for to rule our ſelves; and that they might
Say this the better, they to no place have right
B' inheritance, while whom Ambition ſwayes,
Their office is to turn it other wayes.
Thoſe yet, whoſe harder minds Religion
Cannot invade, nor turn from thinking on
A preſent greatneſs, that Combin'd curſe of Law,
Of officers, and neighbours ſpite, doth draw
Within ſuch whirlpools, that till they be drown'd,
They n'er get out, but only ſwim them round.
Thus brief, ſince that the infinite of *Ill*
Is neither eaſie told, nor ſafe, I will
But only note, how freeborn man ſubdu'd
By his own choice, that was at firſt indu'd
With equal power over all, doth now ſubmit
That infinite of Number, Spirit, Wit,
To ſome eight Monarchs, then why wonder men
Their rule of Horſes?
The World, as in the Ark of *Noah*, reſts,
Compos'd as then, few Men, and many Beaſts.

Aug. 1668.
At *Merlow* in *France.*

Satyra

Satyra Secunda.

Of Travellers from Paris.

Ben Johnſon, Travel is a ſecond birth,
Unto the Children of another earth,
Only as our King *Richard* was, ſo they appear,
New born to another World, with teeth and hair,
While got by *Engliſh* Parents, carried in
Some Womb of thirty tun, and lightly twin,
They are delivered at *Callis*, or at *Diep*,
And ſtrangely ſtand, go, feed themſelves, nay keep
Their own money ſtreightwayes; but that is all,
For none can underſtand them, when they call
For any thing. No more then *Badger*,
That call'd the Queen *Monſieur*, laid a wager
With the King of his Dogs, who underſtood
Them all alike, which, *Badger* thought, was good.
But that I may proceed, ſince their birth is
Only a kind of *Metempſy hoſis*;
Such Knowledge, as their memory could give,
They have for help, what time theſe Souls do live
In Engliſh Clothes, a body which again
They never riſe unto: but as you ſee,
When they come home, like Children yet that be
Of their own bringing up; all they learn, is
Toyes, and the Language: but to attain this,
You muſt conceive, they'r couſen'd, mock'd & come
To *Fauxbourgs*, *St*, *Germans*, there take a Room

Lightly

Lightly about th' Ambaſſadors, and where,
Having no Church, they come, *Sundays*, to hear
An invitation, which they have moſt part,
If their outſide but promiſe a deſert,
To ſit above the Secretaries place,
Although it be almoſt as rare a caſe,
To ſee *Engliſh* well cloth'd here, as with you
At *London*, *Indians*: But that your view
May comprehend at once them gone for *Bloys*,
Or *Orleans*; learn'd French, now no more Boys,
But perfect Men at *Paris*, putting on
Some forc'd diſguiſe, or labour'd faſhion,
To appear ſtrange at home, beſides their ſtay,
Laugh and look on with me, to ſee what they
Are now become; but that the poorer ſort,
A ſubject not fit for my Muſe nor ſport,
May paſs untouch'd; let's but conſider, what
Elpus is now become, once young, handſom, and that
Was ſuch a Wit, as very well with four
Of the ſix might have made one, and no more,
Had he been at their *Valentine*, and could
Agree, *Tom Rus* ſhould uſe the ſtock, who would
Carefully, in that, ev'n as 'twere his own,
Put out their jeſts, briefly, one that was grown
Ripe to another taſte, than that wherein
He is now ſeaſoned and dry'd, as in
His face, by this you ſee, which would perplex
A ſtranger to define his years, or ſex;
To which his wrinkles, when he ſpeaks, doth give
That Age, his words ſhould have, while he doth ſtrive
As if ſuch births had never come from brain,
To ſhew, he's not deliver'd without pain,

Nor

Nor without After-throws. Sometimes, as Grace
Did overflow in circles o'r his face,
Ev'n to the brim, which he thinks Sure;
If this posture do but so long endure,
That it be fix'd by Age, he'll look as like
A speaking sign, as our St. *George*, to strike.
That, where he is, none but will hold their peace,
If th' have but th' least good manners, or confess,
If he should speak, he did presume too far
In speaking then, when others readier are.
Now, that he speaks, are complemental speeches,
That never go off but below the breeches
Of him he doth salute, while he doth wring, (string,
And with some loose French words, which he doth
Windeth about the arms, the legs, and sides,
Most serpent-like, of any man that bides
His indirect approach, which being done
Almost without an introduction,
If he have heard but any bragging French
Boast of the favour of some noble Wench,
He'll swear, 'twas he did her Graces possess,
And damn his own soul for the wickedness
Of other men, strangest of all in that,
But I am weary to describe you what,
E're this, you can As for the little fry
That all along the street turn up the eye
At every thing they meet, that have not yet
Seen that swoln vitious Queen, *Margaret*,
Who were a monster ev'n without her sin;
Nor the Italian Comedies, wherein
Women play Boys—— I cease to write,
To end this Satyre, and bid thee good night.

Sept. 1608.

I muſt depart, but like to his laſt breath
That leaves the ſeat of life, for liberty
I go, but dying, and in this our death,
Where ſoul and ſoul is parted, it is I
The deader part yet fly away,
While ſhe alas, in whom before
I liv'd, dyes her own death and more,
I feeling mine too much, and her own ſtay.

But ſince I muſt depart, and that our love
Springing at firſt but in an earthly mould,
Tranſplanted to our ſouls, now doth remove
Earthly effects, what time and diſtance would,
Nothing now can our loves allay
Though as the better Spirits will
That both love us and know our ill,
We do not either all the good we may.

Thus when our ſouls that muſt immortal be,
For our loves cannot dye, nor we, (unleſs
We dye not both together) ſhall be free
Unto their open and eternal peace,
Sleep, Death's Embaſſadour, and beſt
Image, doth yours often ſo ſhow,
That I thereby muſt plainly know
Death unto us muſt be freedom and reſt.

May 1608.

Madrigal.

HOw ſhould I love my beſt?
What though my love unto that height be grown,
That taking joy in you alone
I utterly this world deteſt,
Should I not love it yet as th' only place
Where Beauty hath his perfect grace,
And is poſſeſt?

But I beauties deſpiſe,
You, univerſal beauty ſeem to me,
Giving and ſhewing form and degree
To all the reſt, in your fair eyes,
Yet ſhould I not love them as parts whereon
Your beauty, their perfection
And top, doth riſe.

But ev'n my ſelf I hate
So far my love is from the leaſt delight
That at my very ſelf I ſpite,
Senſleſs of any happy ſtate,
Yet may I not with juſteſt reaſon fear
How hating hers, I truly her
Can celebrate?

Thus unreſolved ſtill
Although world, life, nay what is fair beſide
I cannot for your ſake abide,
Methinks I love not to my fill,
Yet if a greater love you can deviſe,
In loving you ſome otherwiſe,
Believe't, I will.

Another.

DEar, when I did from you remove,
I left my Joy, but not my Love,
That never can depart,
It neither higher can aſcend
Nor lower bend
Fixt in the center of my heart
As in his place,
And lodged ſo, how can it change,
Or you grow ſtrange?
Thoſe are earth's properties, and baſe
Each where, as the bodies divine
Heav'ns lights and you to me will ſhine.

To his Friend Ben. Johnſon, *of his* Horace *made Engliſh.*

'TWas not enough, *Ben Johnſon*, to be thought
Of Engliſh Poets beſt, but to have brought

In greater ſtate, to their acquaintance, one
So equal to himſelf and thee, that none
Might be thy ſecond, while thy Glory is,
To be the *Horace* of our times and his.

Epitaph. Cæcil. Boulſer *quæ poſt langueſcentem morbum non ſine inquietudine ſpiritus & conſcientiæ obiit.*

Intelligitur de figura mortis præfigenda.

METhinks Death like one laughing lyes,
Shewing his teeth, ſhutting his eys,
Only thus to have found her here
He did with ſo much reaſon fear,
And ſhe deſpiſe.

For barring all the gates of ſin,
Death's open wayes to enter in,
She was with a ſtrict ſiege beſet,
To what by force he could not get,
By time to win.

This mighty Warrior was deceived yet,
For what he, muting in her powers, thought
Was but their zeal,
And what by their exceſs might have been wrought,
Her faſts did heal.

Till that her noble ſoul, by theſe, as wings,
Tranſcending the low pitch of earthly things,

As

As b'ing reliev'd by God, and ſet at large,
And grown by this worthy a higher charge,
Triumphing over Death, to Heaven fled,
And did not dye, but left her body dead.

July 1609.

Epitaph. Guli. Herbert *de* Swanſey *qui ſine prole obiit* Aug. 1609.

GReat Spirit, that in new ambition,
Stoop'd not below his merit,
But with his proper worth being carry'd on,
Stoop'd at no ſecond place, till now in one
He doth all place inherit:

Live endleſs here in ſuch brave memory,
The beſt tongue cannot ſpot it,
While they which knew, or but have heard of thee,
Muſt never hope thy like again can be,
Since thou haſt not begot it.

In a Glaſs-Window for Inconſtancy.

LOve, of this cleareſt, fraileſt Glaſs,
Divide the properties, ſo as
In the diviſion may appear
Clearneſs for me, frailty for her.

Elegy for the Prince.

MUſt he be ever dead? Cannot we add
Another life unto that Prince that had
Our ſouls laid up in him? Could not our love,
Now when he left us, make that body move,
After his death one Age? And keep unite
That frame wherein our ſouls did ſo delight?
For what are ſouls but love? Since they do know
Only for it, and can no further go.
Senſe is the Soul of Beaſts, becauſe none can
Proceed ſo far as t' underſtand like Man:
And if ſouls be more where they love, then where
They animate, why did it not appear
In keeping him alive: Or how is fate
Equal to us, when one man's private hate
May ruine Kingdoms, when he will expoſe
Himſelf to certain death, and yet all thoſe
Not keep alive this Prince, who now is gone,
Whoſe loves would give thouſands of lives for one:
Do we then dye in him, only as we
May in the worlds harmonique body ſee
An univerſally diffuſed ſoul
Move in the parts which moves not in the whole?
So though we reſt with him, we do appear
To live and ſtir a while, as if he were
Still quick'ning us? Or do (perchance) we live
And know it not? See we not Autumn give
Back to the earth again what it receiv'd
In th' early Spring? And may not we deceiv'd

Think

Think that thoſe powers are dead, which do but ſleep,
And the world's ſoul doth reunited keep?
And though this Autumn gave, what never more
Any Spring can unto the world reſtore,
May we not be deceiv'd, and think we know
Our ſelves for dead? Becauſe that we are ſo
Unto each other, when as yet we live
A life his love and memory doth give,
Who was our worlds ſoul, and to whom we are
So reunite, that in him we repair
All other our affections ill beſtow'd:
Since by this love we now have ſuch abode
With him in Heaven as we had here, before
He left us dead. Nor ſhall we queſtion more,
Whether the Soul of man be memory,
As *Plato* thought: We and poſterity
Shall celebrate his name, and vertuous grow,
Only in memory that he was ſo;
And on thoſe tearms we may ſeem yet to live,
Becauſe he lived once, though we ſhall ſtrive
To ſigh away this ſeeming life ſo faſt,
As if with us 'twere not already paſt.
We then are dead, for what doth now remain
To pleaſe us more, or what can we call pain,
Now we have loſt him? And what elſe doth make
Diff'rence in life and death, but to partake
Nor joy, nor pain? Oh death, could'ſt not fulfil
Thy rage againſt us no way, but to kill
This Prince, in whom we liv'd? that ſo we all
Might periſh by thy hand at once, and fall
Under his ruine, thenceforth though we ſhould
Do all the actions that the living would,

Yet we ſhall not remember that we live,
No more then when our Mothers womb did give
That life we felt not: Or ſhould we proceed
To ſuch a wonder, that the dead ſhould breed,
It ſhould be wrought to keep that memory,
Which being his, can, therefore, never dy.

Novemb. 9. 1612.

Epitaph of King James.

HEre lyes King *James*, who did ſo propagate
Unto the World that bleſt and quiet ſtate
Wherein his Subjects liv'd, he ſeem'd to give
That peace which Chriſt did leave, and ſo did live,
As once that King and Shepherd of his Sheep,
That whom God ſaved, here he ſeem'd to keep,
Till with that innocent and ſingle heart
With which he firſt was crown'd, he did depart
To better life: Great *Brittain* ſo lament,
That Strangers more then thou may yet reſent
The ſad effects, and while they feel the harm
They muſt endure from the victorious arm
Of our King *Charles*, may they ſo long complain,
That tears in them force thee to weep again.

A Viſion.

A Lady combing her hair.

WIthin an *open curled Sea of Gold*
A *Bark of Ivory*, one day, I ſaw,
Which ſtriking with his *Oars* did ſeem to draw
Tow'rds a fair *Coaſt*, wch I then did behold.

The hair
The Comb
The teeth of the Comb.
Her ſide

A Lady held the Stern, while her white hand
Whiter then either Ivory or *Sail*, *The Cuff or ſmock ſleeve,*
Over the ſurging Waves did ſo prevail,
That ſhe had now approached near the *Land.* *Her ſhoulder.*

When ſuddenly, as if ſhe fear'd ſome wrack,
And yet the Sky was fair, and Air was clear,
And neither *Rock*, nor *Monſter* did appear, } *Wart Lice.*
Doubting the Point, which ſpi'd, ſhe turned back.

Then with a *Second courſe* I ſaw her ſteer *Combing in another place.*
As if ſhe meant to reach ſome other Bay,
Where being approach'd, ſhe likewiſe turn'd away,
Though in the Bark ſome *Waves* now entred were. *Hairs in the Comb.*

Thus varying oft her courſe, at laſt I found,
While I in queſt of the Adventure go,
The Sail took down, and Oars had ceas'd to row, *She had given over combing.*
And that the Bark it ſelf was run aground.

Wherewith *Earths faireſt Creature* I beheld, *Her face.*
For which both *Bark and Sea* *I gladly loſt.* *Her hair put up, and Comb caſt away.*
Let no Philoſopher of Knowledge boaſt,
Unleſs that he my Viſion can unfold.

Tears,

Tears, flow no more, or if you needs muſt flow,
Fall yet more ſlow,
Do not the world invade,
From ſmaller ſprings then yours rivers have grown,
And they again a Sea have made,
Brackiſh like you, and which like you hath flown.

Ebb to my heart, and on the burning fires
Of my deſires,
Let your torrents fall,
From ſmaller ſparks then theirs ſuch ſparks ariſe
As into flame converting all,
This world might be but my love's ſacrifice.

Yet if the tempeſts of my ſighs ſo ſlow
You both muſt flow,
And my deſires ſtill burn,
Since that in vain all help my love requires,
Why may not yet their rages turn
To dry thoſe tears, and to blow out thoſe fires.

Italy 1614.

Ditty to the tune of A che del Quantomio *of* Peſarino.

WHere now ſhall theſe Accents go?
At which Creatures ſilent grow

While

While Woods and Rocks do ſpeak?
And ſeem to break
Complaints too long for them to hear,
Saying, I call in vain: *Echo* - All in vain.
:=: :=: :=:
Where there is no relief; *Ec.* Here is no relief.

Ah why then ſhould I fear
Unto her rocky heart to ſpeak that grief,
In whoſe laments theſe bear a part?
Then cruel heart
Do but ſome anſwer give,
I do but crave= Do you forbid to live, or bid to live.
Echo Live.

Ditty.

CAn I then live to draw that breath
Which muſt bid farewell to thee?
Yet how ſhould death not ſeize on me?
Since abſence from the life I hold ſo dear muſt needs (be death,
While I do feel in parting
Such a living dying,
As in this my moſt fatal hour
Grief ſuch a life doth lend
As quick'ned by his power,
Even death cannot end.

I am the firſt that ever lov'd,
He yet that for the place contends
Againſt true love ſo much offends,
That even this way it is prov'd.

For

For whoſe affection once is ſhown,
No longer can the World beguile,
Who ſee his pennance all the while,
He holds a Torch to make her known.

You are the firſt were ever lov'd,
And who may think this not ſo true,
So little knows of love or you,
It need not otherwiſe be prov'd.

For though the more judicious eyes
May know when Diamonds are right,
There is requir'd a greater light
Their eſtimate and worth to priſe.

While they who moſt for beauty ſtrives,
Can with no Art ſo lovely grow
As ſhe who doth but only ow
So much as true affection gives.

Thus firſt of Lovers I appear,
For more appearance makes me none;
And thus are you belov'd alone,
That are pris'd infinitely dear.

Yet as in our Northern Clime
Rare fruits, though late, appear at laſt;
As we may ſee, ſome years b'ing paſt,
Our Orenge-trees grow ripe with time.

So think not ſtrange, if Love to break
His wonted ſilence now make bold,
For a Love is ſeven years old,
Is it not time to learn to ſpeak?

Then gather in that which doth grow
And ripen to that faireſt hand;
'Tis not enough that trees do ſtand,
If their fruit fall and periſh too.

Epitaph of a ſtinking Poet.

HEre ſtinks a Poet, I confeſs,
Yet wanting breath ſtinks ſo much leſs.

A Ditty to the tune of Coſeferite, *made by* Lorenzo Allegre *to one ſleeping to be ſung.*

Ah Wonder.

SO fair a Heaven
So fair, &c.

And no Starr ſhining,
Ay me, and no Starr, &c.
'Tis paſt my divining.

Yet ſtay.

May not perchance this be ſome riſing Morn?
Which in the ſcorn
Of our Worlds light diſcloſes,
This Air of Violets, that Sky of Roſes?
Tis ſo.

An

An Oriental Sphere
Doth open and appear,
Aſcending bright.
Then ſince thy hymen I chant
May'ſt thou new pleaſures grant.
Admired light.

Epitaph on Sir Edward Saquevile's *Child, who dyed in his Birth.*

READer, here lies a Child that never cry'd,
And therefore never dy'd.
'Twas neither old nor yong,
Born to this and the other world in one:
Let us then ceaſe to mone,
Nothing that ever dy'd hath liv'd ſo long.

Kiſſing.

COme hither Womankind, and all their worth,
Give me thy Kiſſes as I call them forth.
Give me the billing-Kiſs, that of the Dove,
A Kiſs of love;
The melting Kiſs, a Kiſs that doth conſume
To a perfume;
The extract-Kiſs, of every ſweet a part,
A Kiſs of Art;
The Kiſs which ever ſtirs ſome new delight,
A Kiſs of Might;

The

The twaching ſmacking Kiſs, and when you ceaſe
A Kiſs of Peace ;
The Muſick-Kiſs, crotchet and quaver time,
The Kiſs of Rime,
The Kiſs of Eloquence, which doth belong
Unto the tongue ;
The Kiſs of all the Sciences in one,
The Kiſs alone.
So 'tis enough.

Ditty.

IF you refuſe me once, and think again,
I will complain,
You are deceiv'd : Love is no work of Art,
It muſt be got and born,
Not made and worn,
Or ſuch wherein you have no part.

Or do you think they more then once can dy
Whom you deny ? (day,
Who tell you of a thouſand deaths a
Like the old Poets fain,
And tell the pain (way.
They met but in the common

Or do you think it is too ſoon to yield,
And quit the Field ?
You are deceiv'd, they yield who firſt intreat ;
Once one may crave for love,
But more would prove
This heart too little, that too great.

Give

Give me then ſo much love, that we may burn
Paſt all return,
Who mid'ſt your beauties, flames, and ſpirit lives,
So great a light muſt find
As to be blind
To all but what their fire gives.

Then give me ſo much love, as in one point
Fix'd and conjoynt
May make us equal in our flames ariſe,
As we ſhall never ſtart
Until we dart
Lightning upon the envious eyes.

Then give me ſo much love, that we may move
Like ſtarrs of love,
And glad and happy times to Lovers bring;
While glorious in one ſphere
We ſtill appear,
And keep an everlaſting Spring.

Elegy over a Tomb.

MUſt I then ſee, alas! eternal night
Sitting upon thoſe faireſt eyes,
And cloſing all thoſe beams, which once did riſe
So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove
Knowledge and Love?

Oh,

Oh, if you did delight no more to ſtay
Upon this low and earthly ſtage,
But rather choſe an endleſs heritage,
Tell us at leaſt, we pray,
Where all the beauties that thoſe aſhes ow'd
Are now beſtow'd?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew?
Have Waves the curling of your hair?
Did you reſtore unto the Sky and Air,
The red, and white, and blew?
Have you vouchſafed to flowrs ſince your death
That ſweeteſt breath?

Had not Heav'ns Lights elſe in their houſes ſlept,
Or to ſome private life retir'd?
Muſt not the Sky and Air have elſe conſpir'd,
And in their Regions wept?
Muſt not each flower elſe the earth could breed
Have been a weed?

But thus enrich'd may we not yield ſome cauſe
Why they themſelves lament no more?
That muſt have changed courſe they held before,
And broke their proper Laws.
Had not your beauties giv'n this ſecond birth
To Heaven and Earth?

Tell us, for Oracles muſt ſtill aſcend,
For thoſe that crave them at your tomb:
Tell us, where are thoſe beauties now become,
And what they now intend:

Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
Or hope relief.

1617.

Epitaph on Sir Francis Vere.

Reader,

IF thou appear
Before this tomb, attention give,
And do not fear,
Unleſs it be to live,
For dead is great Sir *Francis Vere.*

Of whom this might be ſaid, ſhould God ordain
One to deſtroy all ſinners, whom that one
Redeem'd not there, that ſo he might atone
His choſen flock, and take from earth that ſtain,
That ſpots it ſtill, he worthy were alone
To finiſh it, and have, when they were gone,
This World for him made Paradiſe again.

To M^rs. Diana Cecyll.

D*Iana Cecyll*, that rare beauty thou doſt ſhow
Is not of Milk, or Snow,
Or ſuch as pale and whitely things do ow.
But an illuſtrious Oriental Bright,
Like to the Diamonds refracted light,
Or early Morning breaking from the Night.

Nor

Nor is thy hair and eyes made of that ruddy beam,
Or golden-ſanded ſtream,
Which we find ſtill the vulgar Poets theme,
But reverend black, and ſuch as you would ſay,
Light did but ſerve it, and did ſhew the way,
By which at firſt night did precede the day.

Nor is that ſymmetry of parts and force divine
Made of one vulgar line,
Or ſuch as any know how to define,
But of proportions new, ſo well expreſt,
That the perfections in each part conſeſt,
Are beauties to themſelves, and to the reſt.

Wonder of all thy Sex! let none henceforth inquire
Why they ſo much admire,
Since they that know thee beſt aſcend no (higher;
Only be not with common praiſes woo'd
Since admiration were no longer good,
When men might hope more then they underſtood.

To her Eyes.

BLack eyes, if you ſeem dark,
It is becauſe your beams are deep,
And with your ſoul united keep.
Who could diſcern
Enough into them, there might learn,
Whence they derive that mark;

And how their power is such,
That all the wonders which proceed from thence,
Affecting more the mind then sense,
Are not so much
The works of light, as influence.

As you then joined are
Unto the Soul, so it again
By its connexion doth pertain
To that first cause,
Who giving all their proper Laws,
By you doth best declare
How he at first b'ing hid
Within the veil of an eternal night,
Did frame for us a second light,
And after bid
It serve for ordinary sight.

His Image then you are,
If there be any yet who doubt
What power it is that doth look out
Through that your black.
He will not an example lack,
If he suppose that there
Were grey, or hasle Glass, (shine,
And that through them, though light or soul might
He must yet at the last define,
That beams which pass
Through black, cannot but be divine.

To her Hair.

BLack beamy hairs, which ſo ſeem to ariſe
From the extraction of thoſe eyes,
That into you ſhe deſtin-like doth ſpin
The beams ſhe ſpares, what time her ſoul retires,
And by thoſe hallow'd fires,
Keeps houſe all night within.

Since from within her awful front you ſhine,
As threads of life which ſhe doth twine,
And thence aſcending with the fatal rays, (wrought
Do crown thoſe temples, where Love's wonders
We afterwards ſee brought
To vulgar light and praiſe.

Lighten through all your regions, till we find
The cauſes why we are grown blind,
That when we ſhould your Glories comprehend
Our ſight recoils, and turneth back again,
And doth, as 'twere in vain,
It ſelf to you extend.

Is it, becauſe paſt black, there is not found
A fix'd or horizontal bound?
And ſo as it doth terminate the white,
It may be ſaid all colours to infold,
And in that hand to hold
Somewhat of infinite?

Or is it, that the centre of our ſight
Being vailed in its proper night
Diſcerns your blackneſs by ſome other ſenſe,
Then that by which it doth py'd colours ſee,
Which only therefore be
Known by their difference ?

Tell us, when on her front in curls you lye
So diapred from that black eye,
That your reflected forms may make us know
That ſhining light in darkneſs all would find,
Were they not upward blind
With the Sun beams below.

Sonnet of Black Beauty.

BLack beauty, which above that common light,
Whoſe Power can no colours here renew,
But thoſe which darkneſs can again ſubdue,
Do'ſt ſtill remain unvary'd to the ſight.

And like an object equal to the view,
And neither chang'd with day, nor hid with night,
When all theſe colours which the world call bright,
And which old Poetry doth to perſue,

Are with the night ſo periſhed and gone,
That of their being there remains no mark,
Thou ſtill abideſt ſo intirely one,
That we may know thy blackneſs is a ſpark
Of light inacceſſible, and alone
Our darkneſs which can make us think it dark.

Another

Another Sonnet to Black it ſelf.

THou Black, wherein all colours are compos'd,
And unto which they all at laſt return,
Thou colour of the Sun where it doth burn,
And ſhadow, where it cools, in thee is clos'd
Whatever nature can, or hath diſpos'd
In any other here: from thee do riſe
Thoſe tempers and complexions, which diſclos'd,
As parts of thee, do work as myſteries,
Of that thy hidden power, when thou doſt reign
The characters of fate ſhine in the Skies,
And tell us what the Heavens do ordain,
But when Earth's common light ſhines to our eys,
Thou ſo retir'ſt thy ſelf, that thy diſdain
All revelation unto Man denys.

The firſt Meeting.

AS ſometimes with a ſable Cloud
We ſee the Heav'ns bow'd,
And darkning all the fire,
Untill the lab'ring fires they do contain
Break forth again,
Ev'n ſo from under your black hair
I ſaw ſuch an unuſual blaze
Light'ning and ſparkling from your eyes,
And with unuſed prodigies
Forcing ſuch amaze,

That I did judge your Empire here
Was not of love alone, but fear.

But as all that is violent
Doth by degrees relent,
So when that sweetest face,
Growing at last to be serene and clear,
Did now appear
With all its wonted heav'nly Grace,
And your appeased eyes did send
A beam from them so soft and mild,
That former terrors were exil'd,
And all that could amaze did end;
Darkness in me was chang'd to light,
Wonder to love, love to delight.

Nor here yet did your goodness cease
My heart and eyes to bless,
For being past all hope,
That I could now enjoy a better state,
An orient gate
(As if the Heav'ns themselves did ope)
First found in thee, and then disclos'd
So gracious and sweet a smile,
That my soul ravished the while,
And wholly from it self unloos'd,
Seem'd hov'ring in your breath to rise,
To feel an air of Paradise.

Nor here yet did your favours end,
For whil'st I down did bend,

As

As one who now did miſs
A ſoul, which grown much happier then before,
Would turn no more,
You did beſtow on me a Kiſs,
And in that Kiſs a ſoul infuſe,
Which was ſo faſhion'd by your mind,
And which was ſo much more refin'd,
Then that I formerly did uſe,
That if one ſoul found joys in thee,
The other fram'd them new in me.

But as thoſe bodies which diſpenſe
Their beams, imparting hence
Thoſe beams do recollect,
Until they in themſelves reſumed have
The forms they gave,
So when your gracious aſpect
From me was turned once away,
Neither could I thy ſoul retain,
Nor you gave mine leave to remain,
To make with you a longer ſtay,
Or ſuffer'd ought elſe to appear
But your hair, nights hemiſphere,

Only as we in Loadſtones find
Vertue of ſuch a kind,
That what they once do give,
B'ing neither to be chang'd by any Clime,
Or forc'd by time,
Doth ever in its ſubjects live;

So though I be from you retir'd,
The power you gave yet ſtill abides,
And my ſoul ever ſo guides,
By your magnetique touch inſpir'd,
That all it moves, or is inclin'd,
Comes from the motions of your mind.

A merry Rime ſent to the Lady Wroth *upon the Birth of my L. of* Pembroke's *Child, born in the Spring.*

MAdam, though I am one of thoſe
That every Spring uſe to compoſe,
That is, add feet unto round Proſe:
Yet you a further art diſcloſe,
And can, as every body knows,
Add to thoſe feet fine dainty toes.
Satyrs add nails, but they are ſhrews,
My Muſe therefore no further goes,
But for her feet craves ſhooes and hoſe.
Let a fair ſeaſon add a Roſe,
While thus attired wee'l oppoſe
The tragick buskins of our foes.
And herewith, Madam, I will cloſe,
And 'tis no matter how it ſhews,
All I care is, if the child grows.

The Thought.

1.

IF you do love, as well as I,
Then every minute from your heart
A thought doth part:
And winged with desire doth fly
Till it hath met in a streight line,
A thought of mine
So like to yours, we cannot know
Whether of both doth come or go,
Till we define
Which of us two that thought doth ow.

2.

I say then, that your thoughts which pass,
Are not so much the thoughts you meant,
As those I sent:
For as my image in a Glass
Belongs not to the Glass you see,
But unto me.
So when your fancy is so clear,
That you would think you saw me there,
It needs must be,
That it was I did first appear.

3.

Likewise when I send forth a thought,
My reason tells me, 'tis the same,
Which from you came,

And

And which your beauteous Image wrought ;
Thus while our thoughts by turns do lead
None can precede ;
And thus while in each others mind
Such interchanged forms we find,
Our loves may plead
To be of more then vulgar kind.

4.

May you then often think on me,
And by that thinking know 'tis true
I thought on you :
I in the same belief will be,
While by this mutual addreſs
We will poſſeſs
A love muſt live, when we do dy,
Which rare and ſecret property
You will confeſs,
If you do love as well as I.

To a Lady who did ſing excellently.

1.

When our rude & unfaſhion'd words, that long
A being in their elements enjoy'd,
Senſleſs and void,
Come at laſt to be formed by thy tongue,
And from thy breath receive that life and place,
And perfect grace,

That

That now thy power diffus'd through all their parts
Are able to remove
All the obſtructions of the hardeſt hearts,
And teach the moſt unwilling how to love.

2.

When they again, exalted by thy voice,
Tun'd by thy ſoul, dimiſs'd into the air,
To us repair,
A living, moving, and harmonious noiſe,
Able to give the love they do create
A ſecond ſtate,
And charm not only all his griefs away,
And his defects reſtore,
But make him perfect, who, the Poets ſay,
Made all was ever yet made heretofore.

3.

When again all theſe rare perfections meet,
Compoſed in the circle of thy face,
As in their place,
So to make up of all one perfect ſweet,
Who is not then ſo raviſh'd with delight
Ev'n of thy ſight,
That he can be aſſur'd his ſenſe is true,
Or that he die, or live,
Or that he do enjoy himſelf, or you,
Or only the delights, which you did give?

1618.

Melander

Melander *ſuppos'd to love* Suſan, *but did love* Ann.

WHo doth preſume my Miſtreſs's name to ſcan,
Goes about more then any way he can,
Since all men think that it is *Suſan.* Echo *Ann.*

What ſay'ſt? Then tell who is as white as Swan,
While others ſet by her are pale and wan,
Then, *Echo,* ſpeak, Is it not *Suſan*? Ec. *Ann.*

Tell, *Echo,* yet, whoſe middle's but a ſpan,
Some being groſs as bucket, round as pan;
Say, *Echo,* then, Is it not *Suſan*? Ec. *Ann.*

Say, is ſhe not ſoft as meal without bran,
Though yet in great haſt once from me ſhe ran,
Muſt I not however love *Suſan*? Ec. *Ann.*

Echo to a Rock.

THou heaven-threat'ning Rock, gentler then ſhe!
Since of my pain
Thou ſtill more ſenſible wilt be,
Only when thou giv'ſt leave but to complain.
Echo Complain.

But

But thou doſt anſwer too, although in vain
Thou anſwer'ſt when thou canſt no pity ſhow.
Echo Oh.
What canſt thou ſpeak and pity too?
Then yet a further favour do,
And tell if of my griefs I any end ſhall know.
Echo No.

Since ſhe will pity him that loves her ſo truly.
Echo You ly.
Vile Rock, thou now grow'ſt ſo unruly,
That had'ſt thou life as thou haſt voice,
Thou ſhould'ſt dye at my foot.
Echo Dye at my foot.
Thou canſt not make me do't,
Unleſs thou leave it to my choice,
Who thy hard ſentence ſhall fulfill,
When thou ſhalt ſay, I dye to pleaſe her only will.
Echo I will,
When ſhe comes hither, then, I pray thee, tell,
Thou art my Monument, and this my laſt farewell.
Echo Well

Echo in a Church.

WHen ſhall my troubled ſoul, at large
Diſcharge
The burden of her ſins, oh where?
Echo Here.

Whence

Whence comes this voice I hear ?
Who doth this grace afford ?
If it be thou, O Lord,

Say, if thou hear my prayers when I call.
Echo All.
And wilt thou pity grant when I do cry.
Echo I.
Then though I fall,
Thy Grace will my defects supply,
But who will keep my soul from ill,
Quench bad desires, reform my Will ?
Echo I will.

O may that will and voice be blest,
Which yields such comforts unto one distrest,
More blessed yet, would'st thou thy self unmask,
Or tell, at least, who undertakes this task.
Echo Ask.

Since now with crying I am grown so weak,
I shall want force even to crave thy name,
O speak before I wholly weary am.
Echo I am

To his Mistress for her true Picture.

DEath, my lifes Mistress, and the soveraign Queen
Of all that ever breath'd, though yet unseen,
My heart doth love you best, yet I confess,
Your picture I beheld, which doth express

No

No ſuch eye-taking beauty, you ſeem lean,
Unleſs you'r mended ſince. Sure he did mean
No honour to you, that did draw you ſo;
Therefore I think it falſe: Beſides, I know
The picture, Nature drew, (which ſure's the beſt)
Doth figure you by ſleep and ſweeteſt reſt:
Sleep, nurſe of our life, care's beſt repoſer,
Natures high'ſt rapture, and the viſion giver:
Sleep, which when it doth ſeize us, ſouls go play,
And make Man equal as he was firſt day.
Yet ſome will ſay, Can pictures have more life
Then the original? To end this ſtrife,
Sweet Miſtreſs come, and ſhew your ſelf to me,
In your true form, while then I think to ſee
Some beauty Angelick, that comes t' unlock
My bodies priſon, and from life unyoke
My well divorced ſoul, and ſet it free,
To liberty eternal: Thus you ſee,
I find the Painters error, and protect
Your abſent beauties, ill drawn, by th' effect:
For grant it were your work, and not the Graves,
Draw Love by Madneſs then, Tyrants by Slaves,
Becauſe they make men ſuch. Dear Miſtreſs, then
If you would not be ſeen by owl-ey'd Men,
Appear at noon i'th' Air, with ſo much light,
The Sun may be a Moon, the Day a Night.
Clear to my Soul, but dark'ning the weak ſenſe
Of thoſe, the other Worlds Cimmeriens.
And in your fatal Robe, imbroidered
With Starr-characters, teaching me to read
The deſtiny of Mortals, while your clear brow
Preſents a Majeſty, to inſtruct me how

To love or dread nought elſe: May your bright hair,
Which are the threds of life, fair crown'd appear
With that your Crown of Immortality:
In your right hand the Keys of Heaven be;
In th' other thoſe of the Infernal Pit,
Whence none retires, if once he enter it.
And here let me complain, how few are thoſe
Whoſe ſouls you ſhall from earth's vaſt dungeon loſe
To endleſs happineſs? few that attend
You, the true Guide, unto their journeys end:
And if old Vertue's way narrow were,
'Tis rugged now, having no paſſenger.
Our life is but a dark and ſtormy night,
To which ſenſe yields a weak and glimmering light;
While wandring Man thinks he diſcerneth all,
By that which makes him but miſtake and fall:
He ſees enough, who doth his darkneſs ſee;
Theſe are great lights, by which leſs dark'ned be.
Shine then Sun-bright, or through my ſenſes vail,
A day-ſtar of the light doth never fail;
Shew me that Goodneſs which compounds the ſtrife
'Twixt a long ſickneſs and a weary life.
Set forth that Juſtice which keeps all in aw,
Certain and equal more then any Law.
Figure that happy and eternal Reſt,
Which till Man do enjoy, he is not bleſt.
Come and appear then, dear Soul-raviſher,
Heav'ns lighteſt Uſher, Man's deliverer,
And do not think, when I new beauties ſee,
They can withdraw my ſettled love from thee.
Fleſh-beauty ſtrikes me not at all, I know,
When thou do'ſt leave them to the grave, they ſhow
Worſe,

Worſe, then they now ſhow thee: they ſhal not move
In me the leaſt part of delight, or love,
But as they teach your power: Be the nut brown
The loveliest colour which the fleſh doth crown:
I'll think it like a Nut, a fair outſide,
Within which Worms and rottenneſs abide:
If fair, then like the Worm it ſelf to be;
If painted, like their ſlime and fluttery.
If any yet will think their beauties beſt,
And will, againſt you, ſpite of all, conteſt,
Seize them with Age: ſo in themſelves they'l hate
What they ſcorn'd in your picture, and too late
See their fault, and the Painters: Yet if this,
Which their great'ſt plague and wrinkled torture is,
Pleaſe not, you may to the more wicked ſort,
Or ſuch as of your praiſes make a ſport,
Denounce an open warr, ſend choſen bands
Of Worms, your ſouldiers, to their faireſt hands,
And make them lep'rous-ſcabb'd: upon their face
Let thoſe your Pioneers, Ring-worms take their place,
And ſafely near with ſtrong approaches got
Intrench it round, while their teeths rampire rot
With other Worms, may with a damp inbred
Sink to their ſenſes, which they ſhall not dead:
And thus may all that e'r they prided in,
Confound them now: As for the parts within,
Send Gut-worms, which may undermine a way
Unto their vital parts, and ſo diſplay
That your pale Enſign on the walls: then let
Thoſe Worms, your Veteranes, which never yet
Did fail, enter *Pel mel*, and ranſack all,
Juſt as they ſee the well-rais'd building fall:

While they do this, your Forragers command,
The Caterpillars, to devour their land ; (bring,
And with them Waſps, your wing'd-worm-horſmen,
To charge, in troop, thoſe Rebels, with their ſting :
All this, unleſs your beauty they confeſs.

And now, ſweet Miſtreſs, let m' a while digreſs,
T' admire theſe noble Worms, whom I invoke,
And not the Muſes : You that eat through Oak
And bark, will you ſpare Paper, and my Verſe,
Becauſe your praiſes they do here reherſe ?

Brave Legions then, ſprung from the mighty race
Of Man corrupted, and which hold the place
Of his undoubted Iſſue ; you that are
Brain-born, *Minerva*-like, and like her warr,
Well-arm'd compleat-mail'd-jointed Souldiers,
Whoſe force *Herculean* links in pieces tears ;
To you the vengeance of all ſpill-bloods falls,
Beaſt-eating Men, Men-eating Cannibals.
Death priviledg'd, were you in ſunder ſmit
You do not loſe your life, but double it :
Beſt framed types of the immortal Soul,
Which in your ſelves, and in each part are whole :
Laſt-living Creatures, heirs of all the earth,
For when all men are dead, it is your birth :
When you dy, your brave ſelf-kill'd Generall
(For nothing elſe can kill him) doth end all.
What vermine breeding body then thinks ſcorn,
His fleſh ſhould be by your brave fury torn.

Willing

Willing, to you, this Carkaſs I ſubmit,
A gift ſo free, I do not care for it:
Which yet you ſhall not take, untill I ſee
My Miſtreſs firſt reveal her ſelf to me.

Mean while, Great Miſtreſs, whom my ſoul admires,
Grant me your true picture, who it deſires,
That he your matchleſs beauty might maintain
'Gainſt all men that will quarrels entertain
For a Fleſh-Miſtreſs, the worſt I can do,
Is but to keep the way that leads to you,
And howſoever the event doth prove,
To have Revenge below, Reward above;
Hear, from my bodies priſon, this my Call,
Who from my mouth-grate, and eye-window bawl.

Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney *lying in* St. Paul's *without a Monument, to be faſtned upon the Church door.*

Reader,

WIthin this Church Sir *Philip Sidney* lies,
Nor is it fit that I ſhould more acquaint,
Leſt ſuperſtition riſe,
And Men adore,
Souldiers, their Martyr; Lovers, their Saint.

Epitaph for himself.

Reader,

THe Monument which thou beholdeſt here,
Preſents *Edward* Lord *Herbert*, to thy ſight,
A man, who was ſo free from either hope or fear,
To have or looſe this ordinary light,
That when to elements his body turned were,
He knew that as thoſe elements would fight,
So his Immortal Soul ſhould find above,
With his Creator, Peace, Joy, Truth, and Love.

Sonnet.

YOu well compacted Groves, whoſe light & ſhade
Mixt equally, produce nor heat, nor cold,
Either to burn the young, or freeze the old,
But to one even temper being made,
Upon a Grave embroidering through each Glade
An Airy Silver, and a Sunny Gold,
So cloath the pooreſt that they do behold
Themſelves, in riches which can never fade,
While the wind whiſtles, and the birds do ſing,
While your twigs clip, and while the leaves do friſk,
While the fruit ripens which thoſe trunks do bring,
Senſleſs to all but love, do you not ſpring
Pleaſure of ſuch a kind, as truly is
A ſelf-renewing vegetable bliſs.

Made upon the Groves near Merlow *Caſtle.*

To the C. of D.

1.

SInce in your face, as in a beauteous sphere,
Delight and state so sweetly mix'd appear,
That Love's not light, nor Gravity severe,
All your attractive Graces seem to draw,
A modest rigor keepeth so in aw,
That in their turns each of them gives the law.

2.

Therefore though chast and vertuous desire
Through that your native mildness may aspire,
Untill a just regard it doth acquire;
Yet if Love thence a forward hope project,
You can, by vertue of a sweet neglect,
Convert it streight to reverend respect.

3.

Thus, as in your rare temper, we may find
An excellence so perfect in each kind,
That a fair body hath a fairer mind;
So all the beams you diversly do dart,
As well on th' understanding as the heart,
Of love and honour equal cause impart.

Ditty.

1.

WHy doſt thou hate return inſtead of love?
And with ſuch merciles deſpite,
My faith and hope requite?
Oh! if th' affection cannot move,
Learn Innocence yet of the Dove,
And thy diſdain to juſter bounds confine;
Or if t'wards Man thou equally decline
The rules of Juſtice and of Mercy too,
Thou may'ſt thy love to ſuch a point refine,
As it will kill more then thy hate can do.

2.

Love, love, *Melania*, then, though death inſue,
Yet it is a greater fate,
To dye through love then hate,
Rather a victory perſue,
To Beauties lawful conqueſt due,
Then tyrant eyes invenom with diſdain:
Or if thy power thou would'ſt ſo maintain,
As equally to be both lov'd and dread,
Let timely Kiſſes call to life again,
Him whom thy eyes have Planet-ſtrucken dead.

3.

Kiſs, kiſs, *Melania*, then, and do not ſtay
Until theſe ſad effects appear,
Which now draw on ſo near,
That did'ſt thou longer help delay,
My ſoul muſt fly ſo faſt away,

As

As would at once both life and love divorce:
Or if I needs muſt dye without remorſe,
Kiſs and embalm me ſo with that ſweet breath,
That while thou triumph'ſt o'r Love and his force,
I may triumph yet over Fate and Death.

Elegy for Doctor Dunn.

WHat though the vulgar and received praiſe,
With which each common Poet ſtrives to raiſe
His worthleſs Patron, ſeem to give the height
Of a true Excellence; yet as the weight
Forc'd from his Centre, muſt again recoil,
So every praiſe, as if it took ſome foil,
Only becauſe it was not well imploy'd,
Turns to thoſe ſenſeleſs principles and void,
Which in ſome broken ſyllables being couch'd,
Cannot above an Alphabet be vouch'd,
In which diſſolved ſtate, they uſe to reſt,
Until ſome other in new forms inveſt
Their eaſie matter, ſtriving ſo to fix
Glory with words, and make the parts to mix.
But ſince praiſe that wants truth, like words that want
Their proper meaning, doth it ſelf recant;
Such tearms, however elevate and high,
Are but like Meteors, which the pregnant Sky
Varies in divers figures, till at laſt
They either be by ſome dark Cloud o'reaſt,
Or wanting inward ſuſtenance do devolve,
And into their firſt Elements reſolve.

Praiſes,

Praiſes, like Garments, then, if looſe and wide,
Are ſubject to fall off; if gay and py'd,
Make men ridiculous; the juſt and grave
Are thoſe alone, which men may wear and have.
How fitting were it then, each had that part
Which is their due: And that no fraudulent art
Could ſo diſguiſe the truth, but they might own
Their rights, and by that property be known,
For ſince praiſe is publick inheritance,
If any Inter-Commoner do chance
To give or take more praiſe then doth belong
Unto his part, he doth ſo great a wrong,
That all who claim an equal intereſt,
May him implead untill he do deveſt
His uſurpations, and again reſtore
Unto the publick what was theirs before.
Praiſes ſhould then like definitions be
Round, neat, convertible, ſuch as agree
To perſons ſo, that, were their names conceal'd,
Muſt make them known as well as if reveal'd:
Such as contain the kind and difference,
And all the properties ariſing thence.
All praiſes elſe, as more or leſs then due,
Will prove, or ſtrongly falſe, or weakly true.
Having deliver'd now, what praiſes are,
It reſts that I ſhould to the world declare
Thy praiſes, *DUNN*, whom I ſo lov'd alive,
That with my witty *Carew* I ſhould ſtrive
To celebrate the dead, did I not need
A language by it ſelf, which ſhould exceed
All thoſe which are in uſe: For while I take
Thoſe common words, which men may even rake

From

From Dunghil-wits, I find them ſo defil'd,
Slubber'd and falſe, as if they had exil'd
Truth and propriety, ſuch as do tell
So little other things, they hardly ſpell
Their proper meaning, and therefore unfit
To blazon forth thy merits, or thy wit.
Nor will it ſerve, that thou did'ſt ſo refine
Matter with words, that both did ſeem divine,
When thy breath utter'd them: for thou b'ing gone,
They ſtreight did follow thee: Let therefore none
Hope to find out an Idiom and ſence,
Equal to thee, and to thy Eminence,
Unleſs our Gracious King give words their bound,
Call in falſe titles, which each where are found,
In Proſe and Verſe, and as bad Coin and light
Suppreſs them and their values, till the right
Take place, and do appear, and then in lieu
Of thoſe forg'd Attributes ſtamp ſome anew,
Which being currant, and by all allow'd,
In Epitaphs and Tombs might be avow'd
More then their Eſcocheons. Mean while, becauſe
Nor praiſe is yet confined to its Laws,
Nor rayling wants his proper dialect,
Let thy detraction thy lare life detect;
And though they term all thy heat, frowardneſs;
Thy ſolitude, ſelf-pride; faſts, niggardneſs,
And on this falſe ſuppoſal would inferr,
They teach not others right, themſelves who err;
Yet as men to the adverſe part do ply
Thoſe crooked things which they would rectifie,
So would perchance, to looſe and wanton Man
Such vice avail more then their vertues can.

The Brown Beauty.

1.

WHile the two contraries of Black and White,
In the Brown *Phaie* are ſo well unite,
That they no longer now ſeem oppoſite,
Who doubts but love, hath this his colour choſe,
Since he therein doth both th' extremes compoſe,
And as within their proper Centre cloſe.

2.

Therefore as it preſents not to the view
That whitely raw and unconcocted hiew.
Which Beauty Northern Nations think the true;
So neither hath it that aduſt aſpect,
The *Moor* and *Indian* ſo much affect,
That for it they all other do reject.

3.

Thus while the White well ſhadow'd doth appear,
And black doth through his luſtre grow ſo clear,
That each in other equal part doth bear;
All in ſo rare proportion is combin'd,
That the fair temper, which adorns her mind,
Is even to her outward form confin'd.

4.

Phaie, your Sexes honour, then ſo live,
That when the World ſhall with contention ſtrive
To whom they would a chief perfection give,
They might the controverſie ſo decide,
As quitting all extreams on either ſide,
You more then any may be dignify'd.

An

An Ode upon a Queſtion moved, Whether Love ſhould continue for ever?

HAving interr'd her Infant-birth,
The watry ground that late did mourn,
Was ſtrew'd with flow'rs for the return
Of the wiſh'd Bridegroom of the earth.

The well accorded Birds did ſing
Their hymns unto the pleaſant time,
And in a ſweet conſorted chime
Did welcom in the chearful Spring.

To which, ſoft whiſtles of the Wind,
And warbling murmurs of a Brook,
And vari'd notes of leaves that ſhook,
An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other,
All in ſo rare conſent was ſhown,
No happineſs that came alone,
Nor pleaſure that was not another.

When with a love none can expreſs,
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and *Celinda* fair,
The ſeaſon with their loves did bleſs.

Walking thus towards a pleaſant Grove,
Which did, it ſeem'd, in new delight
The pleaſures of the time unite,
To give a triumph to their love.

They ſtay'd at laſt, and on the Graſs
Repoſed ſo, as o'r his breaſt
She bow'd her gracious head to reſt,
Such a weight as no burden was.

While over eithers compaſs'd waſte
Their folded arms were ſo compos'd,
As if in ſtraiteſt bonds inclos'd,
They ſuffer'd for joys they did taſte.

Long their fixt eyes to Heaven bent,
Unchanged, they did never move,
As if ſo great and pure a love
No Glaſs but it could repreſent.

When with a ſweet, though troubled look,
She firſt brake ſilence, ſaying, Dear friend,
O that our love might take no end,
Or never had beginning took!

I ſpeak not this with a falſe heart,
(Wherewith his hand ſhe gently ſtrain'd)
Or that would change a love maintain'd
With ſo much love on either part.

Nay,

Nay. I proteſt, though Death with his
  Worſt Counſel ſhould divide us here,
  His terrors could not make me fear,
To come where your lov'd preſence is.

Only if loves fire with the breath
  Of life be kindled, I doubt,
  With our laſt air 'twill be breath'd out,
And quenched with the cold of death.

That if affection be a line,
  Which is clos'd up in our laſt hour;
  Oh how 'twould grieve me, any pow'r
Could force ſo dear a love as mine!

She ſcarce had done, when his ſhut eyes
  An inward joy did repreſent,
  To hear *Celinda* thus intent
To a love he ſo much did prize.

Then with a look, it ſeem'd, deny'd
  All earthly pow'r but hers, yet ſo,
  As if to her breath he did ow
This borrow'd life, he thus repli'd;

O you, wherein, they ſay, Souls reſt,
  Till they deſcend pure heavenly fires,
  Shall luſtful and corrupt deſires
With your immortal ſeed be bleſt?

And ſhall our Love, ſo far beyond
That low and dying appetite,
And which ſo chaſt deſires unite,
Not hold in an eternal bond?

Is it, becauſe we ſhould decline,
And wholly from our thoughts exclude
Objects that may the ſenſe delude,
And ſtudy only the Divine?

No ſure, for if none can aſcend
Ev'n to the viſible degree
Of things created, how ſhould we
The inviſible comprehend?

Or rather ſince that Pow'r expreſt
His greatneſs in his works alone,
B'ing here beſt in's Creatures known,
Why is he not lov'd in them beſt?

But is't not true, which you pretend,
That ſince our love and knowledge here,
Only as parts of life appear,
So they with it ſhould take their end?

O no, Belov'd, I am moſt ſure,
Thoſe vertuous habits we acquire,
As being with the Soul intire,
Muſt with it evermore endure.

For if where ſins and vice reſide,
We find ſo foul a guilt remain,
As never dying in his ſtain,
Still puniſh'd in the Soul doth bide.

Much more that true and real joy,
Which in a vertuous love is found,
Muſt be more ſolid in its ground,
Then Fate or Death can e'r deſtroy.

Elſe ſhould our Souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Heavens laws,
When to an everlaſting Cauſe
They gave a periſhing Effect.

Nor here on earth then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excludeth Love?

Theſe eyes again then, eyes ſhall ſee,
And hands again theſe hands enfold,
And all chaſt pleaſures can be told
Shall with us everlaſting be.

For if no uſe of ſenſe remain
When bodies once this life forſake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why ſhould they ever riſe again?

And if every imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be, where
All imperfection is refin'd ?

Let then no doubt, *Celinda*, touch,
Much leſs your faireſt mind invade,
Were not our ſouls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them ſuch.

So when one wing can make no way,
Two joyned can themſelves dilate,
So can two perſons propagate,
When ſingly either would decay.

So when from hence we ſhall be gone,
And be no more, nor you, nor I,
As one anothers myſtery,
Each ſhall be both, yet both but one.

This ſaid, in her up-lifted face,
Her eyes which did that beauty crown,
Were like two ſtarrs, that having faln down,
Look up again to find their place :

While ſuch a moveleſs ſilent peace
Did ſeize on their becalmed ſenſe,
One would have thought ſome Influence
Their raviſh'd ſpirits did poſſeſs.

The Green-Sickneſs Beauty.

1.

THough the pale white within your cheeks com-
(poſ'd,
And doubtful light unto your eye confin'd,
Though your ſhort breath not from it ſelf unloos'd,
And careleſs motions of your equal mind,
Argue, your beauties are not all diſclos'd.

2.

Yet as a riſing beam, when firſt 'tis ſhown,
Points fairer, then when it aſcends more red,
Or as a budding Roſe, when firſt 'tis blown,
Smells ſweeter far, then when it is more ſpread,
As all things beſt by principles are known:

3.

So in your green and flouriſhing eſtate
A beauty is diſcern'd more worthy love,
Then that which further doth it ſelf dilate,
And thoſe degrees of variation prove,
Our vulgar wits ſo much do celebrate.

4.

Thus though your eyes dart not that piercing blaze,
Which doth in buſie Lovers looks appear,
It is, becauſe you do not need to gaze,
On other object then your proper ſphere,
Nor wander further then to run that maze.

5.

So, if you want that blood which muſt ſucceed,
And give at laſt a tincture to your skin,
It is, becauſe neither in outward deed,
Nor inward thought, you yet admit that ſin,
For which your Cheeks a guilty bluſh ſhould need.

6.

So, if your breath do not ſo freely flow,
It is becauſe you love not to conſume
That vital treaſure, which you do beſtow
As well to vegetate as to perfume
Your Virgin leaves, as faſt as they do grow.

7.

Yet ſtay not here, Love for his right will call,
You were not born to ſerve your only will,
Nor can your beauty be perpetual,
'Tis your perfection for to ripen ſtill,
And to be gather'd rathen then to fall.

The Green-Sickneſs Beauty.

FRom thy pale look, while angry Love doth ſeem
With more imperiouſneſs to give his Law,
Then where he bluſhingly doth beg eſteem,
We may obſerve py'd beauty in ſuch aw;

That

That the brav'ſt Colour under her command
Affrighted, oft before you doth retire,
While, like a Statue, of your ſelf you ſtand
In ſuch ſymmetrique form, as doth require
No luſtre but his own: As then in vain
One ſhould fleſh-colouring to Statues add,
So were it to your native White a Stain,
If it in other ornaments were clad,
Then what your rich proportions do give,
Which in a boundleſs fair being unconfin'd
Exalted in your ſoul, ſo ſeem to live,
That they become an emblem of your mind,
That ſo, who to your Orient White ſhould joyn
Thoſe fading qualities moſt eyes adore,
Were but like one, who gilding Silver Coin,
Gave but occaſion to ſuſpect it more.

La Gralletta Gallante,

OR,

The Sun-burn'd Exotique Beauty.

1.

CHild of the Sun, in whom his Rays appear,
Hatch'd to that luſtre, as doth make thee wear
Heav'ns livery in thy skin, What need'ſt thou fear
The injury of Air, and change of Clime,
When thy exalted form is ſo ſublime,
As to tranſcend all power of change or time?

2.

How proud are they that in their hair but ſhow
Some part of thee, thinking therein they ow
The greateſt beauty Nature can beſtow?
When thou art ſo much fairer to the ſight,
As beams each where diffuſed are more bright
Then their deriv'd and ſecondary light.

3.

But thou art cordial both to ſight and taſte,
While each rare fruit ſeems in his time to haſte
To ripen in thee, till at length they waſte
Themſelves to inward ſweets, from whence again,
They, like Elixirs, paſſing through each vein,
An endleſs circulation do maintain.

4.

How poor are they then, whom if we but greet,
Think that raw juyce, which in their lips we meet,
Enough, to make us hold their Kiſſes ſweet:
When that rich odour, which in thee is ſmelt,
Can it ſelf to a balmy liquor melt,
And make it to our inward ſenſes felt.

5.

Leave then thy Country, Soil, and Mothers home,
Wander a Planet this way, till thou come
To give our Lovers here their fatal doom;
While if our beauties ſcorn to enjoy thine,
It will be juſt they to a Jaundiſe pine,
And by thy Gold ſhew like ſome Copper-mine.

Platonick

Platonick Love.

1.

MAdam, your beauty and your lovely parts
Would ſcarce admit poetick praiſe and Arts
As they are Loves moſt ſharp and piercing darts;
Though, as again they only wound and kill
The more deprav'd affections of our will,
You claim a right to commendation ſtill.

2.

For as you can unto that height refine
All Loves delights, as while they do incline
Unto no vice, they ſo become divine;
We may as well attain your excellence,
As without help of any outward ſenſe
Would make us grow a pure Intelligence.

3.

And as a Soul, thus being quite abſtract,
Complies not properly with any act,
Which from its better Being may detract:
So through the virtuous habits you infuſe,
It is enough that we may like and chuſe,
Without preſuming yet to take or uſe.

4.

Thus Angels in their ſtarry Orbs proceed
Unto affection, without other need
Then that they ſtill on contemplation feed:

Though as they may unto this Orb deſcend,
You can, when you would ſo much lower bend,
Give joys beyond what man can comprehend.

5.

Do not refuſe then, Madam, to appear,
Since every radiant Beam comes from your Sphere,
Can ſo much more then any elſe endear,
As while through them we do diſcern each Grace,
The multiplied lights from every place,
Will turn and Circle, with their rays, your face.

Platonick Love.

1.

MAdam, believe't, Love is not ſuch a toy,
As it is ſport but for the Idle Boy,
Or wanton Youth, ſince it can entertain
Our ſerious thoughts, and make us know how vain
All time is ſpent we do not thus imploy.

2.

For though ſtrong paſſion oft on youth doth ſeize,
It is not yet affection, but diſeaſe,
Cauſe from repletion, which their blood doth vex,
So that they love not Woman, but the Sex,
And care no more then how themſelves to pleaſe.

Whereas

3.

Whereas true Lovers check that appetite,
Which would presume further then to invite
The Soul unto that part it ought to take,
When that from this address it would but make
Some introduction only to delight.

4.

For while they from the outward sense transplant
The love grew there in earthly mould, and scant,
To the Souls spacious and immortal field,
They spring a love eternal, which will yield
All that a pure affection can grant.

5.

Besides, what time or distance might effect
Is thus remov'd, while they themselves connect
So far above all change, as to exclude
Not only all which might their sense delude,
But mind to any object else affect.

6.

Nor will the proof of Constancy be hard,
When they have plac'd upon their mind that guard,
As no ignoble thought can enter there,
And Love doth such a vertue persevere,
And in it self so find a just reward.

7.

And thus a love, made from a worthy choice,
Will to that union come, as but one voice
Shall ſpeak, one thought but think the others will,
And while, but frailty, they can know no ill,
Their ſouls more then their bodies muſt rejoice.

8.

In which eſtate nothing can ſo fulfill
Thoſe heights of pleaſure, which their ſouls inſtill
Into each other, but that love thence draws
New Arguments of joy, while the ſame cauſe
That makes them happy, makes them greater ſtill.

9

So that however multiply'd and vaſt
Their love increaſe, they will not think it paſt
The bounds of growth, till their exalted fire
B'ing equally inlarg'd with their deſire,
Transform and fix them to one Starr at laſt.

10.

Or when that otherwiſe they were inclin'd
Unto thoſe publick joys, which are aſſign'd
To bleſſed ſouls when they depart from hence
They would, beſides what Heaven doth diſpenſe,
Have their contents they in each other find.

The IDEA,

Made of Alnwick *in his Expedition to* Scotland *with the Army*, 1639.

ALL Beauties vulgar eyes on earth do ſee,
At beſt but ſome imperfect Copies be,
Of thoſe the Heavens did at firſt decree.

For though th' Idea's of each ſev'ral kind,
Conceiv'd above by the Eternal Mind,
Are ſuch, as none can error in them find.

Since from his thoughts and preſence he doth bear,
And ſhut out all deformity ſo farr,
That the leaſt beauty near him is a Starr.

As Nature yet from far th' Idea's views,
And doth beſides but vile materials chuſe,
We in her works obſerve no ſmall abuſe:

Some of her figures therefore, foil'd and blurr'd,
Shew as if Heaven had no way concurr'd
In ſhapes ſo diſproportion'd and abſurd.

Which being again vex'd with ſome hate and ſpite,
That doth in them vengeance and rage excite,
Seem to be tortur'd and deformed quite.

While

While ſo being fixt, they yet in them contain
Another ſort of uglineſs and ſtain,
B'ing with old wrinkles interlin'd again.

Laſtly, as if Nature ev'n did not know
What Colour every ſev'ral part ſhould ow,
They look as if their Galls did overflow.

Fair is the mark of Good, ſoul of Ill,
Although not ſo infallibly, but ſtill
The proof depends moſt on the mind and will:

As Good yet rarely in the Foul is met,
So 'twould as little by its union get,
As a rich Jewel that were poorly ſet.

For ſince Good firſt did at the Fair begin,
Foul being but a puniſhment for ſin,
Fair's the true outſide to the Good within.

In theſe the ſupreme Pow'r then ſo doth guide
Natures weak hand, as he doth add beſide
All by which Creatures can be dignifi'd.

While you in them ſee ſo exact a line,
That through each ſev'ral part a glimpſe doth ſhine
Of their original and form divine.

Therefore the characters of fair and good
Are ſo ſet forth, and printed in their blood,
As each in other may be underſtood.

That

That Beauty ſo accompani'd with Grace,
And equally conſpicuous in the face,
In a fair Womans outſide takes the place.

Thus while in her all rare perfection meets,
Each, as with joy, its fellow beauty greets,
And varies ſo into a thouſand ſweets.

Or if ſome tempting thought do ſo aſſault,
As doubtful ſhe 'twixt two opinions halt,
A gentle bluſh corrects and mends the fault,

That ſo ſhe ſtill fairer and better grows,
Without that thus ſhe more to paſſion ows,
Then what freſh colour on her cheeks beſtows.

To which again her lips ſuch helps can add,
As both will chaſe all grievous thoughts and ſad:
And give what elſe can make her good or glad.

As Statuaries yet having fram'd in Clay
An hollow Image, afterwards convey
The molten mettle through each ſeveral way;

But when it once unto its place hath paſt,
And th' inward Statua perfectly is caſt,
Do throw away the outward Clay at laſt.

So when that form the Heav'ns at firſt decreed
Is finiſhed within, Souls do not need
Their Bodies more, but would from them be freed.

For who ſtill cover'd with their earth would ly?
Who would not ſhake their fetters off, and fly,
And be, at leaſt, next to, a Deity?

However then you be moſt lovely here,
Yet when you from all Elements are clear,
You far more pure and glorious ſhall appear.

Thus from above I doubt not to behold
You ſecond ſelf renew'd in your own mold,
And riſing thence fairer then can be told.

From whence aſcending to the Elect and Bleſt
In your true joys you will not find it leaſt,
That I in Heav'n ſhall know and love you beſt.

For while I do your coming there attend,
I ſhall much time on your idea ſpend.
And note how far all others you tranſcend.

And thus, though you more then an Angel be,
Since being here to ſin and mitchief free,
You will have rais'd your ſelf to their degree:

That ſo victorious over Death and Fate,
And happy in your everlaſting ſtate,
You ſhall triumphant enter Heaven gate.

Haſten not thither yet, for as you are
A Beauty upon Earth without compare,
You will ſhew beſt ſtill where you are moſt rare.

Live all our lives then: If the picture can
Here entertain a loving abſent man,
Much more th' Idea where you firſt began.

Platonick Love.

DIſconſolate and ſad,
So little hope of remedy I find,
That when my matchleſs Miſtreſs were inclin'd
To pity me, 'twould ſcarcely make me glad,
The diſcompoſing of ſo fair a Mind
B'ing that which would to my Afflictions add.

For when ſhe ſhould repent,
This Act of Charity had made her part
With ſuch a precious Jewel as her Heart,
Might ſhe not grieve that e'r ſhe did relent?
And then were it fit I felt the ſmart
Untill I grew the greater Penitent.

Nor were't a good excuſe,
When ſhe pleas'd to call for her Heart again,
To tell her of my ſuffering and pain,
Since that I ſhould her Clemency abuſe,
While ſhe did ſee what wrong ſhe did ſuſtain,
In giving what ſhe juſtly might refuſe.

Vex'd thus with me at laſt,
When from her kind reſtraint ſhe now were gone,
And I left to the Manacles alone,
Should I not on another Rock be caſt ?
Since they who have not yet content, do mone
Far leſs then they whoſe hope thereof is paſt.

Beſides I would deſerve,
And not live poorly on the alms of Love,
Or claim a favour did not ſingly move
From my regard : If ſhe her joys reſerve
Unto ſome other, ſhe at length ſhould prove,
Rather then beg her pity I would ſterve.

Let her then be ſerene,
Alike exempt from pity and from hate :
Let her ſtill keep her dignity and ſtate ;
Yet from her glories ſomething I ſhall glean,
For when ſhe doth them every where dilate,
A beam or two to me muſt intervene.

And this ſhall me ſuſtain,
For though due merit I cannot expreſs,
Yet ſhe ſhall know none ever lov'd for leſs,
Or eaſier reward : Let her remain
Still Great and Good, and from her happineſs
My chief contentment I will entertain.

Reſtrained hopes, though you dare not aſpire,
To fly an even pitch with my deſire,
Yet fall no lower, and at leaſt take heed,
That you no way unto deſpair proceed,
Since in what form ſoe'r you keep intire,
I ſhall the leſs all other comforts need.

I know how much preſumption did tranſcend,
When that affection could at moſt pretend
To be believ'd, would needs yet higher ſoar,
And love a Beauty which I ſhould adore,
Though yet therein I had no other end,
But to aſſure that none could love her more.

Only may ſhe not think her beauty leſs,
That on low Objects it doth ſtill expreſs
An equal force, while it doth rule all hearts
Alike in the remot'ſt as neareſt parts;
Since if it did at any diſtance ceaſe,
It wanted of that pow'r it ſhould impart.

Small earthly lights but to ſome ſpace extend,
And then unto the dim and dark do tend,
And common heat doth at ſome length ſo ſtop,
That it cannot ſo much as warm one drop,
While light and heat that doth from Heav'n deſcend
Warms the low Vally more then Mountains top.

Nor do they always beſt of the Heav'ns deſerve,
Who gaze on't moſt, but they who do reſerve
Themſelves to know it, ſince not all that will
Climb up into a Steeple or a Hill,
So well its pow'r and influence obſerve,
As they who ſtudy and remark it ſtill.

Would ſhe then in full glory on me ſhine,
An Image of that Light which is divine,
I then ſhould ſee more clear, while ſhe did draw
Me upwards, and the vapors 'twixt us aw:
To open her eyes were to open mine,
And teach me wonders which I never ſaw.

Nor would there thus be any cauſe to fear,
That while her pow'r attractive drew me near,
The odds betwixt us would the leſſer ſhow,
Since the moſt common Underſtandings know,
That inequalities ſtill moſt appear,
When brought together and compoſed ſo.

As there is nothing yet doth ſo excell,
But there is found, if not its parallel,
Yet ſomething ſo conform, as though far leaſt
May yet obtain therein an Intereſt,
Why may not faith and truth then join ſo well,
As they may ſuit her rare perfections beſt?

Then hope, ſuſtain thy ſelf, though thou art hid
Thou liveſt ſtill, and muſt till ſhe forbid;
For when ſhe would my vows and love reject,
They would a Being in themſelves project,
Since infinites as they, yet never did,
Nor could conclude without ſome good effect.

A Meditation upon his Wax-Candle burning out.

WHile thy ambitious flame doth ſtrive for height,
Yet burneth down, as clogged with the weight
Of earthly parts, to which thou art combin'd,
Thou ſtill do'ſt grow more ſhort of thy deſire,
And do'ſt in vain unto that place aſpire,
To which thy native powers ſeem inclin'd.

Yet when at laſt thou com'ſt to be diſſolv'd,
And to thy proper principles reſolv'd,
And all that made thee now is diſcompos'd,
Though thy terreſtrial part in aſhes lies,
Thy more ſublime to higher Regions flies,
The reſt b'ing to the middle wayes expos'd.

And while thou doeſt thy ſelf each where diſperſe,
Some parts of thee make up this Univerſe,
Others a kind of dignity obtain,
Since thy pure Wax in its own flame conſum'd,
Volumes of incenſe ſends, in which perfum'd,
Thy ſmoak mounts where this fire could not attain.

Much more our Souls then, when they go from hence,
And back unto the Elements diſpenſe,

All that built up our frail and earthly frame
Shall through each pore & paſſage make their breach,
Till they with all their faculties do reach
Unto that place from whence at firſt they came.

Nor need they fear thus to be thought unkind
To thoſe poor Carkaſſes they leave behind,
Since being in unequal parts commix'd
Each in his Element their place will get,
And who thought Elements unhappy yet,
As long as they were in their ſtations fix'd?

Or if they ſally'd forth, is there not light
And heat in ſome, and ſpirit prone to fight?
Keep they not, in the Earth and Air, the field?
Beſides, have they not pow'r to generate
When, more then Meteors, they * Starrs create,
Which while they laſt ſcarce to the brighteſt yield.

* *In the Conſtellation of Caſſiepeia, 1572.*

That ſo in them we more then once may live,
While theſe materials which here did give
Our bodies eſſence, and are moſt of uſe,
Quick'ned again by the worlds common ſoul,
Which in it ſelf and in each part is whole,
Can various forms in divers kinds produce.

If then, at worſt, this our condition be,
When to themſelves our Elements are free,
And each doth to its proper place revert,
What may we not hope from our part divine,
Which can this droſs of Elements refine,
And them unto a better ſtate aſſert?

Or

Or if as cloid upon this earthly ſtage,
Which repreſents nothing but change or age,
Our Souls would all their burdens here deveſt,
They ſingly may that glorious ſtate acquire,
Which fills alone their infinite deſire
To be of perfect happineſs poſſeſt.

And therefore I, who do not live and move,
By outward ſenſe ſo much as faith and love,
Which is not in inferior Creatures found,
May unto ſome immortal ſtate pretend,
Since by theſe wings I thither may aſcend,
Where faithful loving Souls with joys are crown'd.

October 14. 1664.

ENraging Griefs, though you moſt divers be,
In your firſt Cauſes, you may yet agree
To take an equal ſhare within my heart,
Since if each grief ſtrive for the greateſt part,
You needs muſt vex your ſelves as well as me.

For your own ſakes and mine then make an end,
In vain you do about a Heart contend,
Which though it ſeem in greatneſs to dilate,
Is but a tumor, which in this its ſtate
The choiceſt remedies would but offend.

Then ſtorm't at once, I neither feel conſtraint
Scorning your worſt, nor ſuffer any taint
Dying by multitudes, though if you ſtrive,
I fear my heart may thus be kept alive,
Until it under its own burden faint.

What is't not done? Why then, my God, I find,
Would have me uſe you to reform my mind:
Since through his help I may from you extract
An eſſence pure, ſo ſpriteful and compact,
As it will be from groſſer parts refin'd.

Which b'ing again converted by his Grace
To godly ſorrow, I may both efface
Thoſe ſins firſt caus'd you, and together have
Your pow'r to kill turn'd to a power to ſave,
And bring my Soul to its deſired place.

In ſtatuam ligneam Overburii.

CErnis Overburi, non ære aut marmore, vultum;
Sed Ligno Hiberno, dic, age, nonne placet?

De C. de S.

HÆc anima, ut fuerit terrena libera mole,
Venerit & ſummo conſpicienda Deo,
Talibus & tantis vitiis ſpurcata, trahetur,
Haud dubium, ad pœnam ſuppliciumque grave.
Viderit: at pulchrum dabitur cum ſumere corpus,
Eximium, credo, perdere nollet opus.

Epitaphium in Anagramma nominis ſui,

Reddor ut herbæ.

QUas turgens flos mane decet, quas aruit omnes
Una dies, quas morte cita, nova vita ſequetur;
Nonnunquam moritura tamen, ſic *Reddor ut herbæ.*

Epitaph. in ſe Romæ factum, 1615.

VEros ſeu vanos populi ridere timores
Expertus, vitæ melioris conſcius, intus
Plaudebam, expectans faceret dum fabula finem.

In tumulum Domini Franciſci Vere.

ANguſtus nimis eſt lapis puſillus,
Vel, totum, ſoret ipſa terra, marmor;
Anguſta & ſpolia & Trophæa ficta,
Hæc Belgæ tulerant, vel illa Iberi.
Cuncta anguſta nimis videntur illi,
Qui victor toties mori volebat,
In ſe, poſt alios, agens triumphum,
Ut dignum tumulum Trophæa digna
Uni nil poterit referre vero:
Ni ſorte, ut maneat perenne nomen
Cui mundus ſpolia, & caro triumphus,
Cœlum ſit Tumulus, Trophæa ſtellæ.

In diem Natalitium, viz. 3. Mar.

VEre novo lux uſque redit qua naſcor, at una
Dum tempus redit, & fit numeroſa dies,
Ver olim vires renovans, roburque recondens
Ætas ſit tandem, triſtis hyemſque mihi.

For

For a Dyal.

Diſcurrens dubiæ placidus, compendia vitæ,
Excipiens tacito gaudia tuta ſinu,
Præteritis lætare bonis, nec ſæva futuri
Exagitet miſeros cura prematve dies:
Omnis in adverſum ruit hora volatque retrorſum
Et velut exhorrens jam peritura fugit.
Dum numerans delet, dumque addens ſubtrahit, illa.
Quæ vitæ ratio, calculus atque tuæ.

In Anſwer to the Verſes of Guiet *for the* Pucelle d' Orleans, quaſi extempore.

Quod nequiere viri, potuit ſi fæmina, quid ni
Galle, fores tandem tu muliere minor?

Deſine, Galle, tuam tandem jactare Bubulcam,
Seu Medæa fuit, ſive Meduſa fuit.
Si canit ad Bellum, tamen eſt Medæa vocanda,
Carmina dum rauco concinit illa ſono.
Hoſtes ſi cæſi, tamen eſt dicenda Meduſa,
Dum nimis ad diræ virginis ora rigent.
Virgo ſit tandem, ſed qualem nollet adulter,
Seu Medæa fuit ſive Meduſa fuit.

Deſinat

Desinat ergo suam *Galbus* jactare *Johannam*,
Saltem plena suo non erit illa Deo.
Plena suo vel nulla datur, vel Papa *Johanna*,
Numine: sit virgo quamlicet illa minus.

In Answer to Tilenus, *when I had that fatal Defluxion in my Hand.*

QUi possim *Phœbum* succensum credere? Laudes
Quam facit ut scribas, docte *Tilene*, meas.
Providus atque manum consulto surripit istam,
Ut melius possem nunc supereſſe tua.

De Hugone Grotio *Arca incluso & a Carcere liberato.*

CArcere dum Carcer victus, Tenebrisque Tenebræ,
Vinclis cum demum vincla soluta tibi,
Prosiliens media tandem de mole, videris,
Quicquid mortale est, deposuisse simul.

Pro Laureato Poeta.

AT quorsum Juvenis, si nullo limine clausus
Immistus canibus, saltuque vagatus in omni
Præcipites crebris damas latratibus urgens
Excurrit, secumque nihil non perdere tentat?

An

An mage grata viri tandem maturior ætas ?
Qui furiis agitatus atrox atque omine triſti
Horrida funeſtis meditatur prælia campis ?
In propriam ſpeciemque ruens ita ſanguine gaudet
Confeſſus ſatis, ut nullus ſibi concidat hoſtis:
Is potiorne domi qui futilis ambit honorem
Inque leves populi gyros proclivis & auram
Mercatur voces, falſaque cupidine tractus
Incertam dubii ſectatur nominis umbram ?
Heu fugias qui te fugiunt & ferre recuſant,
Imperium faſceſque tuos, quibus undique fauſtis
Candida ſupremos deſignant colla triumphos.
Sed ne nulla tibi demum victoria conſtet,
En prædam, formoſa, tuam, quam porrigit herba,
Et genua amplectens ſeſe ultro dedere victam
Tentatur lauroque ſua tua tempora cingit.
Nec canos cauſere meos, (qui ſymbola certæ
Sunt fidei) tanta ſolitum flammave tremorem,
Immo nec errones tanquam ſed lumina fixa
Contemplare oculos, tandem neque Baſia ſpernas
Floridus ut deſit color ori, ſervat odorem,
Æmula paſtillis ſpirabunt labra roſatis
Baſia, mellito & ſe lingua madore reſolvet.
Denique ſeu noſtro latitet nova pruna colore
Nictet & implexus torvo ſub lumine cautus
Arcitenens, mortis tandem ſeu ſcena futuræ
Prodierim, vitam nobis cum dura negaris ;
Ah reddas ſaltem, nondum ſatis arſit, Amorem,
Cui ſenium tempuſve fidem cui præripit ullum.

Ad Sereniſſ. Regem Guſtavum A.D.1631.

PEr varios terræ tractus & diſſita Regna,
Inclyte Suecorum princeps, dum caſtra movere
Conſtituis, pacemque pio decernere bello,
Quæ te ſecurum probitas, prudentia fortem,
Fælicem virtus præſtat, non omine vano
Fecit, ut antiquum Germania libera nomen
Accipiens rurſus, ſe juſto vindice tandem
Gaudeat, inque tuos ſuccedat ſponte triumphos.
Scilicet, hoc potuit tua, dextera fortis & ultrix
Igneus atque vigor, bello ſamiatus & enſis,
Quo ſtricto late rutilanteque fulgidus hoſtes
Irruis in medios, denſam paſſimque catervam
Diſcutis, & longe percellis quæque timore,
Ut tibi nec fumi nubes glomerata, nec imo
Excuſſus pulvis, pila nec conſertior inſtans
Obſcurare tuos, validos, vel flectere greſſus
Poſſint, è multo quin numine flamma coruſcans
Perſtringenſque oculos, inſultus reddat inanes
Militis, innocuoſque ictus, ac irrita tela,
Dum tibi luſtratæ cæcæ patuere tenebræ,
Inque tuam lucem caligo cedere viſa eſt.
Inde citata tuum ſequitur victoria curſum
Inque gradus hæret certos figitque trophæa,
Auſpiciiſque tuos illuſtrior explicat alas,
Queis ſurſum vecto ſuperas inviſere ſedes
Inque novum tandem liceat tibi ſidus abire,
Clarius Arcturi & fuſcæ jubar addere luci.

Euryale

Euryale Mœrens.

DEpreſſæ valles piceis irriguæ fontibus
Herbæ marcidæ, cæca prætexentes Barathra,
Maligni colles hirſutis vepribus obſiti,
Aſpera montium juga, exeſis, biulca ſpecubus,
Defrugatarum ſegetum late patentia æquora,
Inviſa ſoli antra, conſragoſa præcipitia,
Abruptarum cautium nutantia undique cacumina,
Pendulæ taxi, cupreſſi ſuccreſcentes feralibus,
Spelæorum inferna ducentium horrores ſacri,
Infauſtæ ſtryges, bubulantia ſtygiæ avis omina,
Rauci ſtridores, torvorum colla anguium ſibila,
Prodigialium monſtrorum exerta paſſim capita,
Aſpectus truces ſyderum, diri portenta ætheris
Voſque gementes umbræ, hic teſtari liceat,
Nihil uſpiam fuiſſe Euryale triſtius.

1632.

Menſa Luſoria, or a Shovelboard-table to Mr. *Maſter*.

ROboris excelſi tabulatum ſternitur ingens,
Æquore productum lævi, quod tramite recto
Procurrens, tandem qua ſe ſubducit in imum
Diſſecat exilis tranſverſim linea, ſcena

Unde

Unde patet ludi, commiſſo margine clauſa,
Qui bini ternive notam certantibus aptat
Figitur extremo, ſeu preſſus limite jactus,
Seu tremulus nutat, ſibi nec conſtare videtur.
Heic ubi conveniunt luſores, quiſque monetam
Argento cuſam, diſci formaque Nitentem
Librat in adverſam. qua ducitur orbita, partem
Perpetuo jactu, ſed quæ, ſi forte feratur
Plus juſto, cadit in foveam, quæ limine ſummo
Cernitur, at citra ſeptum ſi tarda fatiſcit,
Rejicitur jactus, totus fit & irritus inde.
Aſt intra juſtam datur ut conſiſtere metam
Promovet hic jactum, promotum dimovet ille.
Adjicit hic aliud, ſed quem depellere tentat
Nonnullus; Nummos hic obſidet, impetit ille,
Obliquo curſu: Multa cadit iſte ruina,
Dum complexa ſuo ſunduntur ſingula nexu,
Et variata vices rerum ſors undique verſat.
Ludere ſic liceat manibus, ſic ludere muſa,
A ſtudiis feſſi quum jam deceſſimus ambo.

Chariſſimo, Doctiſſimo, Jucundiſſimoque juxtim Amico Thomæ Maſter.

Hoc Epitaph. mœrens P. C. E. B. Herbert *de* Cherbury. 1643.

QUi ſis vel fueras, Amate *Maſter*,
Lectorem ſatis hæc docere poſſunt

Quod

Quod terris fuit ut moleſta vita,
Te dempto, mage ſit moleſta longe,
Quod Cœlum fuit ut beata ſedes,
Auctum te, mage ſit beata ſedes.
In terris quid agis fide vacillans?
Si vita probus es, fruere, Lector,
Cœlo jam ſolito beatiore,
Maſter jam reliquis alacriore.
Vivat in æternum virtus ac diffita terræ
Luſtret, ubique gravi ſub Religione reſurgens.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 13. lin: penult. for 1668, read 1608. p. 20. l. 18. f. muting r. mutin: p. 35. l. 9. f. force, r. form: p. 37. l. penult. f. hand r kind: p 39. l. ult. f. terror r. terrors: p. 41. l. 12. f. imparting r. in parting: p. 47. l. 3. f. since r. sure: p. 50. l. 11. & 21. f. Melania r. Melaina: p. 62. l. ult. f. love r. faith: p. 70. l. 22. f. enjoy r. envy: p. 72. l. 18. f. cause r. caus'd: p. 76. l. 7. f. foul r. and foul: p. 83. l. 20. f. this r. thy: p. 87. l. ult. f. nonnunquam r. non unquam: p. 90. l. 1. f. Galbus r. Gallus: p. ibid. l. 7. f. qui r. qui: p. ibid. l. 8. f. quam r. quum.

a. O. x
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